

Hannibal Undone

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Hannibal Undone

by [HyphenL](#)

Summary

Hannibal and Will have escaped to Rio years ago, and live quietly in refinement and cannibalism. Will isn't fully satisfied with their relationship though, and decides to make some changes.

Where Will Graham takes Hannibal apart with pleasure.

The Black Collar

Chapter Summary

Sometimes Will feels a bit vexed at how clinical Lecter is about their unions... so he decides to take things in hand and manipulate Hannibal into what looks, at first, perfectly harmless smut. Hannibal isn't fooled... Or at least, that's what he thinks.

Chapter Notes

This is a story where characters grow through smut. Not kidding. There is 90% plot and 90% porn, and those figures have nothing to do with me being really bad at numbers. (The 10% remaining are either cute dogs or food).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



“Cleaning the leashes?” Hannibal remarked when he got home that night.

“Yes well, they kind of need it sometimes” Graham answered. “What did you buy?”

Lecter smiled. “Join me in the kitchen when you're done, and you will know.”

Diner was, as usual, exquisite; yet Will seemed deep in thought.

“What is on your mind?” Hannibal asked, stilling his own fork and knife over his half emptied plate.

Graham mumbled.

“You know you can tell me everything” Hannibal reminded him.

Which was true. Lecter wasn't the kind of serial killer who got offended easily.

When it came to Will, anyway.

He had a surprising amount of patience in regards to his protege's frequent, although usually involuntary, rudeness.

“I want to try something” Graham uttered eventually. “Though let's finish diner first.”

Hannibal brought a tiny piece of meat to his lips, looking at Will in ponder.

“Stop glaring at me. I won't tell until we're done.”

Hannibal smirked, and took in his mouthful, closing his eyes an instant to savour it fully. Scrumptious.

He didn't have to open his eyes to know Graham's gaze was on him.

“What is it, dear Will?” he asked once the table was cleaned and the plates neatly disposed off in the dishwasher.

By the looks of it, Graham's hesitation and slight aura of shame, it might be something unusual, even by they standards, something he didn't dare to talk Lecter about. But there wasn't fear, so it didn't refer to their relationship.

He probably wanted to try something new. Maybe killing? His gaze piercing and steady, Lecter pondered.

“I want you in a dog collar” Will said.

Lecter's gaze didn't falter, though he seemed surprised.

“And I want to try something. Call it role play, it you want.”

He was avoiding his look, but his shame was gone. This was but the usually avoidance of eyes.

“Do you want me to play the part of a dog?” Hannibal simply asked, feeling both mild curiosity and disdainful disregard for such a request.

He had never been particularly interested in sex, though he had not let Graham down on this aspect of their conjoint lives. After all, William had his own bodily urges to fulfil, and living together implied a certain amount of compromises. Graham wasn't that demanding either, but had never implied he wanted much from this end anyway.

“No, I don't want you to play *the part of a dog!*” Graham sighed, lifting his eyes to the ceiling. “I just want you in a dog collar. With a leash, although not necessarily. And I want you to submit to me.”

Ah.

Lecter's eyes stayed unmoving. So this was about power.

“Don't psychoanalyse me” Graham said, twitching. “I know what you're thinking, and I'm pretty sure you've got it wrong. Well, not entirely, but mostly.”

Hannibal raised a hand to lift up Will's chin, gently, so as to see his face better.

His face was irritated, but mostly at himself.

“What do you expect from it?” he asked. “We should probably discuss it beforehand.”

Will look at him in the eyes for a brief moment.

“Yeah. Yeah, right.”

He paused.

Hannibal waited patiently for him to make up his mind.

He shouldn't have been surprised that Hannibal didn't seem to object to such a practice. After all, he knew that even if the man wasn't very fond of sexual intercourse, or at least, not at all demanding in this domain, he had never refused Will. Graham glanced at him, his stern face patiently waiting for him, calm, yet, most probably, analysing him in depth, searching the dark places of his psyche to understand fully what motivated such a demand.

But the fact was, for once, he would not be able to understand.

“Let's try it once without the role play”, Will decided.

“Is the collar most necessary?” Hannibal asked –probably because he felt slightly vexed to be somehow assimilated to a canine individual in Will's mind.

Graham realised it wasn't.

“No” he said. “But it could help to accessorise. To fool our minds into understanding this is strictly bedroom behaviour.”

Hannibal turned his head aside, slightly.

“I would buy one especially for you” Graham said, reading his defiance as due to the man's dislike of germs. “Would that be alright?”

Lecter frowned his nose for just a second.

“I suppose so.” Will could hear his internal sigh, “*humans!*”. “What about the 'submitting' part?” he enquired.

Yes, that one would be tricky. Hannibal wasn't one to give in –at all.

Which was actually quite the point of the exercise.

“You would comply to my orders” Graham said. “That's it.”

“And of which kind would those 'orders' be?” Lecter asked, readjusting calmly the collar of his suit –his own, very personal way of fidgeting. “As I assume this is a sadomasochistic kind of power play, what kind of pain will it involve?”

Will it. Hannibal was already agreeing to it, though Graham could very well sense his reluctance.

“For instance” Hannibal added while straightening the tip of his impeccable sleeves, “do you wish to beat me?”

Graham's heart sank.

“Of course not!” he exclaimed, looking straight at him in shock. Oh, he *couldn't* understand, could he?

He put his hands on Hannibal's shoulders. “I want you to kiss me when I ask you to. To bite me when I demand it. To put your hands where I tell you to put them. But I won't ask for more than we already do.”

Although.

Although there was one thing he had never asked before.

“Yes?” Hannibal asked, sensing his hesitation.

“I want to take you.”

Lecter's face didn't move an inch, though Will could just *feel* the blow this had been to the man.

After all, Hannibal was all about control, was he? He'd rather be in charge.

“Of course” he answered slowly –Will couldn't help an internal smirk. Who did he think he was trying to fool. Graham knew Lecter was already devising a way to stay in control even then. Already working on his mind to turn it into accepting without betraying himself.

“Would it be alright now?” Will asked –the less time he gave the man to adjust, the better.

“You don't have the right collar” Hannibal remarked.

“One of the clean one could suffice just this once, yes?” Graham answered, with a slight twist of challenge in his voice.

He didn't have to look to know Hannibal wasn't enthralled by his answer.

“Alright” he said nonetheless. “Should we start, then?”

“Right.”

Will kissed him gently on the lips, and looked for a moment in the somber eyes.

He knew, although Lecter was probably somewhat oblivious to it himself, that Hannibal was scared.

Oh, not by the prospect of being taken, or even submitting –he had found ways to retain his dignity in all circumstances. But part of him must have been sensing what Graham was up to.

Though William had started with an easy request.

“Let's go to the room.”

He took one of the clean collars on his way, picking up the largest, and most comfortable one.

He knew Lecter didn't care about pain, but he didn't want to inflict any on him. This wasn't the point at all.

“Alright” he said when they were both in the bedroom, Hannibal politely waiting for instructions on a side of the bed, straight and elegant like a high class waiter.

Will went to him and carefully closed the leather collar around Lecter's neck, quite loosely.

He could see Hannibal's nostrils flare. The man was almost angry, though he made his best to look as collected and composed as ever.

“Is it comfortable?” Will asked.

“It is fine. Shall we begin?” Hannibal answered.

Graham looked at his face, stroking gently his cheeks and the side of his neck.

“Take off your jacket” he said.

Lecter didn't hesitate to comply. He was very much in control of himself, yet seeing him obey so swiftly sent a shiver to Graham's spine.

Hannibal folded his jacket neatly and put it aside. For an instant, Will wished to ask him to leave it in a mess –then remembered this wasn't what he was after. He wasn't here to push on Hannibal's buttons. Especially since this would only irritate the man.

“The tie too” Will said. “In fact, I want you to undress.”

“Nothing too special then” Hannibal smirked.

Graham pondered about telling him to stay quiet, but this wouldn't serve his purpose either.

Anyway, he wouldn't like to be given this kind of power over someone.

Hannibal undressed, efficiently as ever. He had never really been one to show off for sex. Asking a striptease out of him could have been very humorous though.

“Come here” Graham ordered when the other man was naked. Then, when he arrived close to him: “Kiss me.”

Hannibal did.

“Put your arms on my waist.”

The order was executed.

He's playing me, Will realised. Trying to prove I can't control him, ever. Showing off his own power.

He pondered about that.

Should he try to poke at the man's defences, or leave him be? He wasn't sure which would be more effective.

He decided to go with the safer approach. Hannibal wasn't a trusting person; he would not take kindly to this kind of probing.

The kiss was sweet. Both Hannibal and Will were masters at sensing other's desires, had turned the affairs of love into an art.

Well, Hannibal had.

At first, during their first years together, Will hadn't cared about sex. He didn't care about much, actually. He just went to Hannibal, took him to his bedroom and told him he wanted to fuck.

Hannibal had always been comfortably easy with it, never refusing him or turning him down, though he would ask for a delay when he was occupied at the time of his request.

But he never said no.

Will sensed that had to do with Lecter's lack of interest in the matter. Although he was a well learned man, he hadn't been impervious to the ruckus made about sex by mass media –or even his own patients. Having never felt actual desire, Hannibal had not quite investigated the matter by himself, and had fallen prey to that mainstream message, that everybody wanted sex.

So he indulged Will more often than he would have with any other activity.

Although he didn't dislike it; he wouldn't have agreed to it if it had him bored. Hannibal wasn't that kind of man.

William could only assume he complied because, sensual as he was, he found satisfaction with him. Graham was, after all, a splendid lover. Hannibal might have not indulged anyone else so.

Will also suspected that the prospect of him going to another for love would have annoyed Hannibal. Lecter disliked Graham sharing the company of lesser humans –as he envisioned them– and would have found it distasteful.

He probably wouldn't have had objections about Graham joining Clarice though, not that it was an actual option.

He had demanded that Hannibal laid down on the bed. He hadn't needed to ask for him to pursue their kissing or to run his hands on his back.

Hannibal liked touch.

In fact, there were many things that Lecter liked that Graham knew about. Kisses, licks, bites, strokes and light pinching with a palm the hand, smelling his hair –Hannibal looked at his body with his nose more than anything else.

And he enjoyed doing those things more than having them being done to him.

Until then, Graham had not wanted it anyway else. Part of him had always resented Lecter for unveiling his own weaknesses, succeeding on having him cave, abandon himself to follow a murderer into a sensual life of luxury and cannibalism. Part of him thought Lecter owned him the attention. That he'd better be providing him with such a service, that it was the least he could do.

Lecter had sensed that. And though their unions had always been physically enjoyable, Will's mind had never been quite at peace with them.

However, time passing, he started to dislike them less because it was sex with *Hannibal*, and more because it was sex *asked off* him.

He didn't like using the man.

Not on moral grounds; God knew how little his new life had to do with morals.

Not out of compassion for Hannibal either, though; Hannibal could endure anything. Also, he knew how to say no.

Oh, Hannibal's mouth felt *good*.

"Here" he pointed out. "Kiss me there."

Lecter didn't have any problem with obedience. He had convinced himself that he was in control, as he would show off Graham that nothing would disturb him.

"Take my jacket off. Undress me."

So far, Will had not asked for anything out of the ordinary. He was asking what they usually went for, just being more specific with the *how*, and the *when*, and the *where*, and the *how long*.

It didn't change much; Hannibal was good at guessing anyway.

He ruffled Hannibal's hair with both hands and kissed the man on the forehead, right where the light bangs started their growth.

"*You're so good*" he whispered.

His shirt was off, his torso bare naked; he went to lie on the bed on his back.

"Here" he called, arms spread open to welcome him, "here."

Hannibal went to him, dropping wet kisses along the side of his jaw. Graham groaned. "Again" he said. "More. Everywhere. Just kiss me everywhere."

Lecter looked as calm as always. He walked his mouth on Will with the same clinical precision he used to cook, to draw, to clean. He knew how long to pause on a place, how hard to press, if it would be better to kiss or to lick. He nibbled sometimes, but much less than anyone, considering the man's fondness for biting, would have expected.

As his lips were descending on Graham's stomach, Will felt a pang of white light invade his mind which made him loose it for a split second.

“Fuck, Hannibal, just... just!...” He had dug his fingers in the other's hair, and was pushing his head lower, nearer to the zipper of his pants.

Hannibal paused. He had once, flat out, expressed to Will Graham his dislike of, as he had put it, “taking a phallus in his mouth, which was deserving of more tasteful meat.” They had never truly mentioned it again, although Graham had once or twice complained. He liked being *tasted*.

Now Hannibal was stilling near his pants, unmoving, one hand on each side of Will, clearly waiting for Graham to give an order. He couldn't lift his head to meet his eyes, as Will still had his fingers intertwined in strands of hair.

Will tried to think straight about the matter, but he was restless. The prospect had excited him so much his breath came out ragged.

“Get my pants off” he ordered.

The slender fingers of Hannibal's left hand slowly rose to undo the zipper, the top button, and gently work the clothing off the other man. “And the underwear.”

Somehow Graham knew Hannibal would obey. He would suck him, even masterly so, and *hummm...*

Will shivered. His fingers tightened in Hannibal's hair, and his hips slightly rose up while his remaining clothes were slid off his body.

Hannibal would do it so Graham would feel guilty afterwards. Just to see how regret played on his face. Will knew how much he had to despise something to flat out turn it down.

His breath had shortened. When he looked downward, he could see Hannibal's perfectly collected face, looking at him, expectant. Almost mocking.

Oh, but it would feel *so good*.

Graham tossed himself backwards back into the pillows, groaning in frustration.

Then he lifted Hannibal's head; whatever, he didn't care. It was *so close* to his hardened sex.

So close.

“I want you...” he swallowed. “*If* you want to, and only *if* you want to...”

Hannibal turned his head aside. “You know I dislike it.” Interrupting the power play so early in the game; he must have detested it even more than Graham had thought it possible.

Will whined, exhaling a long, whistling breath.

“Alright! Alright, come here” he said, pulling gently Hannibal's head towards him.

They kissed. Somehow, that eased a bit Will's frustration. So they kissed some more. Stroke each other's body.

Will remembered Hannibal had agreed to something else earlier. He felt his heart pound harder even. This could still be good. Oh, so very, very good.

Thus for now, it was fine kissing.

Hannibal was awfully good at it –Graham suspected he used it as a tool of distraction from others, more physical activities. In truth, most often than not, they resorted to lips, hands and rubbing only.

Will remembered the time he'd taken Hannibal for the first time since they reunion –it was on a low day. He had been irritated, frustrated, nervous, regretting every bit of his decision to run away from the USA to Rio with an elegant, yet cold and reserved serial killer.

Hannibal had initiated it, gently kissing and nuzzling his neck and curled hair until Graham caved in, jumping him like a lonely dog on a frenzy.

It had always been so. Hannibal only came on to him when he sensed loneliness and despair. The rest of the time, Will had to tell him flat out that he wanted to fuck.

Hannibal would rise his head, cringing slightly at the words –either because of the crudeness or because of the request– and tell William he would be with him shortly.

Afterwards he proceeded to send him flying over the mountains with admirable dedication. Sex between them seemed like an elaborate treatment of sorts.

But you don't understand, Will thought.

He had been so many times there, on his back, Hannibal kissing him with such tenderness he seemed in love, whispering Italian words into his ear, stroking teasingly his disquieted skin.

Sometimes he had wanted to slap the man.

Sometimes he had wished to grab him fiercely, push him on his back and fuck him senseless into the mattress.

Most of the time, he'd have liked to do both.

Hannibal thought intercourse was merely a way to appease, often manipulate, Will.

“Get on your back.”

The shift of sheets. Hannibal lazily looking up at him, dishevelled, yet calm, quiet, fucking collected as ever.

Hannibal had yet to learn.

Will looked at the leather collar circling the other's neck; stroke it with the tip of his fingers.

Hannibal had seen it as it was: a symbol of ownership.

Will leaned in and nibbled at the thing, then at Hannibal's ear.

“Are you ready?” he asked, softly.

Lecter looked at him languidly, as if that was quite an innate question.

Graham smirked.

One shouldn't be so smug.

Will went for the contents of the drawer of the nearby bedside table, one hand still gently rubbing Hannibal's torso with a thumb. "Say" he asked, "would it be okay if I skipped the condom?"

Hannibal never did. It probably had to do with his preference for clean places. Certainly with the fact that he didn't care as much about the well-being of his penis as most human males.

Lecter pondered, his sensuous lips receding slightly in a shallow frown.

"It would be fine", he eventually decided.

Graham nodded and leaned in for a kiss.

He wanted, he *really* wanted to get down to it, but Hannibal's kisses, well...

After a while he got his fingers working, gently preparing the way for less flexible material.

They didn't interrupt their kissing much, although Will would stop for a moment to look at Hannibal's face, read his slight changes of expression to adjust his motions and gestures.

Lecter was playing with the brown curls of his hair, stroking the white strands in them with curious fondness.

He didn't look so cold anymore, like an icy desert which slowly warms up at dawn. Graham discovered on him those tiny expressions he showed usually much later, on the verge of orgasm.

He looked at him with an intensity –and those were the moments Will could watch him in the eyes.

Right now, theirs were connected. Graham could see Hannibal's nostrils' trembling, and his mouth shiver oh so slightly to contain a breath.

"Open your mouth" he ordered. "Just break it open, no need for more."

There it was, the ragged respiration he had tried to contain, and a faint blush suddenly on his cheeks. A drop of sweat sliding down his temple.

Graham knew well about the anatomy of pleasure, for he had tested it himself; he pressed his fingers deeper, not continuously, not even hard, just enough. The exact amount to increase the intake of air in Hannibal's controlled lungs, and provoke a whisper.

He had never been so attentive, scrutinising Lecter's face for the slightest change like a surgeon monitoring his patient.

Hannibal looked at him with calm, convinced his flushed face and damp bangs of hair weren't in any way foreshadowing his upcoming defeat.

Will's fingers stayed almost still inside the crease of his heated flesh, right over that small triangle that had many times drove him mad with pleasure.

Hannibal swallowed, and his mouth closed.

“I asked you to keep your lips open” Graham reminded him, and he took advantage of that moment to push his fingers further inside. Hannibal had opened his mouth, and let out a single “oh!”.

It felt already so good.

“Don't silence yourself” Will demanded. “I want to hear you.”

Hannibal's nostrils flared; he was angered by his recent mishap.

“What would you have me say?” he asked, trying to regain the upper hand by distracting the other.

“I want to hear you groan” Will whispered low in his ear. “I want to hear you whimper and curse, I want you to forget about words and get your tongue tied out.”

He then started to fuck him low and slow with the tip of his fingers, running his other hand over that lump of flesh Hannibal probably didn't caress by himself much.

Hannibal closed his eyes, and bit his lower lip.

“Mouth open” Will reminded him.

Hannibal's eyes opened in anger, teeth clutched together, his left hand clutching in the air while his whole body fought to stay still on the bed.

“Mouth open.”

He opened his mouth and suddenly cried out in surprise, pressing back into the pillow, eyes now wide in disarray, his legs half folded on either side of Will, with their toes grabbing at the sheets in a vain attempt to still themselves.

“Grab the pillow with your hand.”

Hannibal sucked on air, looking at Will in both irritation and surprise, as well as something that looked like a sort of half pleading. “The pillow, Hannibal. Grab it.”

He plunged his fingers into the softness by his head.

“You're doing good” Graham said, leaning in to kiss him gently. He repressed a smirk, as the other seemed quite angry. Distressed.

“Just a bit more of this, love” Will said. “I don't want to hurt you later on.”

It was also an excuse to watch him break down slowly under him, while Graham took him apart piece by piece with pleasure without being distracted by his own growing desire.

Lecter probably understood that could be his salvation as his legs suddenly closed on Will's waist, pulling him forwards, against him, pushing him down to have him react.

William cursed.

He paused momentarily, tried to still his own breath, to not lose it so early in the game.

He heard Hannibal chuckle.

“You treacherous piece of shit” Will muttered to himself, leaning in to kiss Lecter anyway, then smiling in spite of himself in the crook of his neck, his chest against Hannibal's, their respirations in rhythm.

They staid so for a quiet moment.

Then Graham lifted his head and nibbled at Hannibal's ear. “It should be fine now, love” he said while retreating his fingers from their heated hiding. “What do you think?”

Hannibal looked at him strangely.

“You never call me love” he said.

“Yes, well...” Graham lowered his head to get at look at what he was doing. “Habits change.”

He pushed in cautiously, minding Hannibal's reaction —*he suddenly felt him tremble all around him.*

For a white instant, it was too much.

But then he managed to contain himself.

Hannibal wasn't shaking voluntarily, if his look of utter vexation was proof enough of it. His legs and hips and lower body were betraying him, and he was trying, through adequate breathing, to find a remedy.

Luckily Graham hadn't missed that.

Hannibal's first startled groan felt like a warm reward. His legs had clenched around Will's waist on their own accord, and the trembling intensified. He missed a beat in his breathing.

Graham leaned in, laid down on his partner's chest, skin against skin; his head nuzzled back into the crook of Hannibal's neck, where he nibbled at damp skin.

He locked his arms around the wet torso.

“Now, listen to me, love” he whispered in a low voice at Hannibal, while slowly lowering his hips to find a deeper fitting. “I am going to fuck you. Slowly. Intimately. Into the next day if I have too. And I want to hear you cry out. I want to hear you call my name. You remember my name, right? What is it, love?”

“Will, this is deeply inappropria-a...te, *f*...”

“My name. I asked you to say my name, Hannibal.”

“Will.”

“Again.”

“Will!”

“Again now, love.”

“W...”

He cried out.

“Again.”

“Would you stop that?” Hannibal cringed, dishevelled, flushed, panting.

“Is that a surrender, Dr Lecter?”

Hannibal stared at him, his breathing short, ragged, a disquieted look on his face.

“I was not aware this was a game of— *Oh come on William Oh For Christ's sake!*”

He twisted on the bed, tried to get away, whining and moaning in both utter frustration and unruly pleasure. By the end of that next row of slow yet efficient wave of hips, he was almost crying.

Had he had time to rest, maybe he would have been able to collect himself, or at least find a suitable come back, but Graham wasn't easing the pressure, wasn't slowing his pace down, wasn't giving him any chance to get away.

The look Lecter gave him in-between sobs sent electricity running on his skin.

“We're not done yet, Hannibal” he softly sighed under the other's earlobe, tickling him with a breath of air. “I said, remember...”

He pushed in, slowly, almost shallow.

“I am going to fuck you, slowly, *intimately*.”

He pulled out, not entirely, just enough to keep teasing the tingling spot.

“Will. Will! It's enough Will. I'm tired. I'm done. Would you stop that?”

In again, gently, with more pressure, deeper.

“You heard me. I asked you to sto—

Hannibal closed his eyes, sighed, tried to learn how to breath again. He looked as if he was drowning in air.

His head rolled on a side, then on the other.

Deeper. Then shallow. Teasing, then pushing in. Give him rest, then make him scream.

And Hannibal screamed.

At last.

Will could not have said whom of the two of them was more exhausted. Hannibal couldn't breath evenly yet, and looked at him with tired resentment from his side of the bed, his eyelids dropping, strands of hair everywhere, stuck to the side of his face by drops of sweat.

Their whole bodies where damp, shivering in fever, and Hannibal's was sticky too. Graham knew he hated that, but was too fatigued to do anything about it yet. His eyes almost closed by themselves.

He wouldn't go back to his own room for sure tonight, as he usually did to allow Will and himself some privacy.

Graham smiled, and snuggled against the wet mess at his side, sliding moist arms around his torso, amused by his disgust.

“You did well, Hannibal” he murmured.

“I am not a training dog in need of a reward” the other man retorted, too irritated to relish in good manners.

“No” Graham said, sitting next to him and getting the collar off his neck. “But am I not sure you understand how much more you are.”

Hannibal, same self-conscious narcissistic murderer as ever, lifted an inquisitive, yet elegant, eyebrow.

Graham put the collar away on the floor, where he would pick it up in the morning.

He then kissed Lecter under the eye.

“Goodnight, love.”

Chapter End Notes

Masterly non-use of the words cockerel or penicillin... which would have been weird, in retrospect.

Hope you had a good reading!

Caring For A Cannibal

Chapter Summary

“So, about that role play” Graham said.

It took years for Will too fully accept Hannibal's life style since the day they escaped together to Rio. But now he has, he realizes Hannibal is the one who's not on the same page. Luckily, he has a plan... though he's trying to manipulate someone who might be a tad too much for him.



For the next weeks, Hannibal declined any form of intimacy between them. He would slip away, pretexting to be occupied, barely allowing Will the sloppy touch.

When Graham complained, he tried to guilt him by saying he had clearly asked for him to detain himself last time they had been together –William laughed.

“I remember a time when I *begged* you to go away and leave me alone, Doctor” he reminded him. “If you are going to run away, at least come up with some less hypocritical excuse.”

Hannibal's nose had frowned.

“I have much to do” he said, and then went back to his reading.

In the end, Graham had offered him to stay in control next time. Hannibal had merely brushed the proposition away.

He was making him pay in his own way, trying to take back the upper hand by having Will beg for it.

So one afternoon, Graham just came back from the city with a black ribbon in his hands, which he slipped into Hannibal's left one.

Hannibal examined it, supple leather on the outside, soft silk inside, flexible, rather elegant and probably pricy.

“I had it made especially” Graham said. “Tailored to be both comfortable and dandy, as you like it.”

“I am not remotely interested, Will. Find yourself a new partner” Hannibal answered, discarding the collar on the arm of his chair.

“I can't believe you're really running away from this” Graham marvelled. “I had never seen you afraid before.”

Hannibal's eyes rose, in a warning.

“So, about that role play” Graham said.

“You should be telling this to your partner” Hannibal answered, going back to reading Mozart's piano sheet for the Requiem. He enjoyed doing that from time to time.

“There won't be orders given” Will answered. “Just a scene to act.”

“I wonder where your newfound knowledge for cheap sex theatre comes from.”

“You really don't want to know what I fantasise about?”

Hannibal pondered. Then he looked back at him.

“Alright. Please do tell me.”

Graham scrutinised the other's unreadable face.

“I want you to seem hurt, and I want to comfort you.”

Lecter's eyes stayed still, yet William could feel his mind moving.

“You would be in the room, acting beaten, maybe tied down, as if you had been attacked, and I would discover you there, and try to make it better.”

“What a peculiar dream” Hannibal said. “Curing some wounds with one's genitalia. Men truly overestimates the importance of that organ.”

Graham rolled his eyes. “Sex wouldn't be involved! Well, not at first, at least. You really can't understand, can you?”

He knew Lecter was irritated by the prospect of not understanding something.

“And what is there to understand?” he asked in disdain, going back to his reading, but actually taking the bait.

Graham smiled. “Well, you'll have to see” he said, leaning in to peck the other on the cheek. “I will be out, walking the dogs. Now, think about it.”

When he came back, Hannibal was on his harpsichord, playing Chopin.

The black collar was nowhere to be seen.

*

He wondered what Lecter had done with it. Thrown it away? Stored it somewhere until he could use it to get back at him with some mind fuck trick?

Barely a week following their discussion, he came back from the groceries with arms full of bags – yet he managed to stroke one of his dogs' heads before going to the open door.

Lecter rarely left the door opened, to keep the upper ground on newcomers. But this day was particularly warm, and he did not like to walk the dogs much; too messy for his civilised taste.

Now that Will thought of it, all the pack was out, which wasn't usual either. Hannibal had accepted for them to be allowed in the house, but only in the first living room (which he had thus baptised the Canine Parlour); usually, there was at least one stray there at all times.

The pack was agitated; it barked at him joyously, yet in ponder, as if to both greet him and ask him to explain the situation for them.

Will frowned, and put his grocery bags down near the entry door, pushing it further open.

The house was a mess. Furnitures had fallen on the floor, vases where broken, pricy items where missing. There where dirty footprints on the carpet near the entry, and the piano had been moved – kicked aside in what had been a fierce struggle.

Will's old FBI habits switched on in an instant.

He saw where the men entered, by the door, kicking it open with the sole of their dirty shoes. Hannibal had been in his chair, sipping from a glass of porto.

Lecter was strong. His tongue and wits where a weapon too. Though he had not been armed, while the three robbers carried guns –one of them had left bullet impacts in the wall.

Graham's heart cringed.

He listened to the house, silent, and figured the fact that both the spilled porto and mud on the carpet where almost fully dry meant the attackers had probably fled a while ago.

He went around the house, room per room, first the first floor, not too entirely messy –though Hannibal would cringe to see what they had done to his wine– then took the stairs.

He had half hoped to see Hannibal tied on the bed in one of their rooms, wearing the black collar and looking pretty smug. Right before opening the last door he really hoped for that.

But Lecter was nowhere.

Which only left the basement and their cold room, where their hung fresh fishes as well as venison Hannibal had hunted in the woods. (Actual venison. Hannibal never brought other kills home).

That is where he found him, the place cold and dark, his feet tied together and hung up to a meat crook, already freezing.

Graham got him down and out in a heartbeat, rubbing his shoulders and legs to warm him up, squeezing him against his chest while fiercely kissing his face.

When Hannibal eventually stopped shivering enough to open his eyes and look at him, he let down a low murmur. "It was about time you came home."

"Idiot" Graham muttered; then he helped him up and slid an arm under his to help him walk through the living room and up the stairs.

"Look what they did to the house" Lecter lamented. "Oh, and this was such a beautiful engraving!"

"We'll clean that" William promised. "But now, we'd better put you under a warm shower."

He helped him sit down in the bathtub, Hannibal still shivering uncontrollably from time to time, and got him out of his clothes, which made him angry.

There were black bruises underneath, red scratches too, and yellowish marks such as those he had been used to see on dead bodies.

He switched on the water, careful to make it warm and not too hot, showering the shivering man from head to toe while gently stroking at his wet hair and kissing the corner of this eye.

Eventually, Hannibal warmed up and started to relax, leaning back in the tub, resting his neck against the earthenware, eyes closed.

He looked very tired.

"When I find them back, we will have a feast" he said, in a soft, rasped voice.

"I would personally gut them" Graham said, "but they seem armed and organised. I don't want you to go after that."

"You would?" Lecter pondered. "Gut them?"

William sighed. "Why do you focus more on the part where I say I'd want to kill people than on the one where I ask you to stay safe?"

"Safe is boring" Hannibal smiled, and William gently nuzzled his nose.

"Are you alright?" he asked. "Should we go to the hospital?"

"I am fine" Hannibal answered. "Some nasty bruises, no more. I should be alright after a restful night of sleep."

"Okay, okay, fine" Will said, putting his forehead against Hannibal's. "But we're getting an alarm system, or at least accessible guns, anything to keep this from happening again."

He'd been sure Hannibal would protest, but he simply sighed.

He put Hannibal to bed once he was warm enough, and let him nap for a good share of the afternoon, cleaning up the house and discarding both broken items and some of the groceries the dogs had played with.

He also made him dinner, trying to remember some cooking tricks he had been taught, to at least show he'd made an effort.

From time to time he went to check on him, listened to his even breath, stroked his cheek gently, pressed a kiss on his sleeping face.

He'd also gone to the pharmacy to buy whatever could heal a bruise, a scratched hip and a split lip.

When he came back Hannibal was awake, still laying under the sheets but with his arms straightened on the cover, like an illustration for a old fashioned book.

He was wearing the black collar.

"Why would you do that for?" Graham sighed, coming to sit on the bed and getting the drugs he'd just bought out of the groceries bag. "You are too tired for sex anyway."

"You said you'd want me hurt for your role play. This seemed on cue" Hannibal answered calmly, his voice still slightly strained.

"I said I would like you to *pretend* to be hurt so I could comfort you, not to... to *pay* some gangsters to do that to you!" Graham half joked.

It was only a thought that lasted but for a second, but William saw it.

"You paid those men to do that to you?"

Hannibal cocked his head aside. "You seemed to think it would please you."

"It doesn't please me to see you in that state!" William yelled, jumping out of the bed. *"Why on **Earth** would you believe that??"*

He should have known Lecter was pushing his buttons. He should have known the man had staged all that just to provoke him into revealing his hand.

Actually, deep down, he did know it.

He just didn't care.

"You're an *idiot*! An *idiot* Hannibal, that's what you are! Did you really think I truly wanted you *hurt*? That I actually wanted you to get *wounded*? *Attacked*? **Beaten**? How *stupid* do you just have to be!"

He'd walked round in the room with fury but was now back on the bed, both arms around Hannibal's body, looking at his calm, abused face in frustration and rage.

"You're supposed to be smart" he said.

He watched him for a time, dark marks on his temple and forehead, red blood dry inside the cuts on his mouth, tired, yet peaceful eyes. Then he leaned down to kiss him.

He could feel the heat of Hannibal's swollen lips crying out like in burning fever.

“Now I want to beat you” he said. “I can't believe you would do that.”

“I was curious” Hannibal answered. “I wanted to know what you would do.”

Graham frowned, then chuckled.

“You've been a psychologist, you should know how different we act in dreams and reality.”

“I did not want to see a dream. Would you have acted very differently?”

“It was *a sex fantasy*, Hannibal” Will said like speaking to a three year old (well, if one did speak about that with a three year olds). (Though let's face it, Hannibal would have been that child).

“*Sex fantasies* involve sex” he added.

“I offered you that” Hannibal remarked, gesturing to the black collar.

Graham sighed, and rose his hand to get the thing off Hannibal's neck.

“Seeing my partner in pain does not excite me” he said. “I can't even properly kiss you in that state, your lip is on fire.”

“We could *not* kiss.”

“Your body is full of bruises. You're almost limping because of whatever they did that left that scratch on your right hip. I can't touch you without risking to hurt you.”

“I can do with pain” Hannibal pointed out.

Graham shook his head.

“But do you like it?” he asked.

Hannibal looked at him, as in pondering.

“I don't find intercourse that pleasurable either.”

“That's because you think 'intercourse' is only about pleasure” Will sighed. “But you wouldn't have had sex with me if that was the case.”

Hannibal's slight frown didn't go unnoticed.

“Why do you accept it from me?” Will gently asked. “Would you agree to it with anyone else?”

Lecter clinically answered, after a pause. “I enjoy seeing you lose control at my hands”

Graham sighed. “Yes. Yes, I sure know that. Well...”

He got up and put the collar away in the drawer of his beside table.

“You're going to take pain medication and whatever this other things are –then I'm bringing you diner and a book, or maybe we could watch a movie. *Don't* ask for sex tonight. I'm not touching

someone who looks like they went to war and died.”

They went for a film eventually. Hannibal had taken his time eating, probably because his jaw hurt, and was now resting peacefully against Will's shoulder, looking at the screen with dull eyes.

“Most films are like a children's book as compared to a great novel” he lamented. “Why have they to be so painfully obvious?”

Will smiled and turned his head to him, watching in the dark dance the dim light of the screen in Hannibal's eyes. “Maybe you prefer books because they allow to build so much of the story yourself –and your mind is a great story builder... though a part-time idiotic one” he gently teased.

“Would you please refrain from calling me that?” Hannibal asked, annoyed. “You know how inaccurate it is.”

Will smiled and nuzzled at his jaw, eyes half-closed; Hannibal's head turned towards his, and smelled his hair.

“You said not to ask for physical intimacy” Hannibal said. “So I will ask just that.”

“Hannibal...”

“Won't you do to me what you did last time?” he asked, on a low, quiet tone.

“I thought you hadn't liked it.”

“I haven't. In fact, I found it distasteful, as well as irritating. Yet some part of me gets curious and disquieted at the reminiscence. It keeps me pondering.”

“What is it that you don't like in truth?” Will asked mockingly, but already quite aroused. “What I did to you, or the fact that you enjoyed it?”

Lecter stayed an instant quiet.

“Maybe we should go back to that film.”

Graham chuckled at what passed for teasing from Hannibal's part, and kissed him lightly at the corner of his lips.

“If I keep a distance, your body shouldn't hurt that much.”

“I told you I do not care about being in pain” Hannibal reminded him.

“I care” Will answered, kissing him again, in the crook of the neck.

He went for the bedside table and got out what he needed.

Hannibal didn't ask for the collar, and he didn't want to bring it out either.

“Now” Will said, sliding a hand under the covers, in between Hannibal's thighs. “Let's see if I can help you make up your mind about either you like that or not.”

Hannibal smiled courteously, laying back more into the bed, making himself at ease.

His forehead against his, Will stroke his hair in gentle, circling motions.

At first Lecter merely closed his eyes, looking asleep in the darkness of the room, though he was, actually, attentive to sensations. Quiet, still, focused on the task.

Though suddenly he moved, agitated and seizing Graham's wrist with his left hand.

"That" he said. "*That*, I dislike."

"*That*" explained Graham, "is actually the point of *that*."

"I am afraid you are being unclear."

"You don't like losing control, love. Yet you need it to feel that kind of pleasure, at least to a point."

"Would you stop calling me 'love'?" Hannibal blurted. Though by his startled look, he had not planned on voicing it out.

"Why not?" Graham asked.

"It is unnerving."

"It's merely a pet name."

"I am not a pet."

"I know that."

Graham got his fingers working again. "There" he said when Hannibal cringed again. "That's pleasure."

"I know what pleasure is, William."

"I think actually not; you react to it as if you were in pain."

"I am not in pain. I just don't enjoy the feeling."

Will paused. "Do you want me to stop?"

Hannibal hesitated.

"I think not" he decided.

He reacted far less strongly than last time; Will suspected he was using the séance as an exercise to keep control even in such a situation.

Not happening, he thought while asking Lecter to turn back on his stomach. Slightly flushed, the other man complied.

"Now relax" he told him while nibbling gently at his neck. "You don't have to do a thing. You don't have to stay in full control. Just feel it. Taste it, like a glass of wine. You're not usually wary of your glasses of wine, are you?"

"I was a therapist Will, your cheap tricks will not work on me."

Graham chuckled and caressed the other's bruised flank.

“You're sure it's alright?”

“I wouldn't have asked.”

Will caved in and cautiously lied down on the other's back, settling gently in him, giving them both time to find a comfortable posture.

“I wish I could do more” Graham sighed, stroking, with the tip of his fingers, a black bruise on Hannibal's shoulder. “I want you so much.”

Lecter growled, as in tiredness. “Would you get down to it? I will change my mind, you know.”

Graham smiled, and kissed the darkened shoulder.

Then he proceeded, in a slow, lulling motion, to please them both.

Lecter eventually opened his mouth, from which escaped small sighs and, from time to time, a whimper or a groan.

That was being more vocal than during all of their times together combined, the last one excepted.

He also gripped the cushion and closed his eyes, almost hiding into it.

Graham found that endearing.

“I love you” he whispered into his ear. “Oh, Hannibal, I love you.”

His rhythm had changed, becoming more hastened; he pushed himself up on his elbows to avoid pressing on the bruises, his actions producing a clapping he was sure had Lecter horrified.

He wasn't.

He was grabbing at the pillow, brows frowned, teeth greeted together, producing muffled hisses and whimpers and moans.

Towards the end, he even let out some vowels.

When Will crumbled on him, breathless, he opened his eyes to look at his messy face, dishevelled curls, to listen to his ragged respiration and to smell his warm, acid scent.

“I love you” Graham muttered again, eyes half-closed in a daze. “*I love you.*”

Hannibal didn't answer, his look already quite collected and pondering.

But he took Graham's arms to wrap them around himself like a blanket.

See?

Chapter Summary

Will manipulates Hannibal into a new type of kinky game to help him understand his own feelings.

It does not go well.



After that their sex life changed again, in that Hannibal now, from time to time, asked for some.

He was never aroused when they started but came to Graham nonetheless, looked at him politely and asked if he wanted to join him for the night.

Which was getting ridiculous, as Will now spent most of said nights curled around in Hannibal's sheets.

“If you're going to use an euphemism, what about 'making sweet, sweet love'?” he'd told him once.

“I am appalled by your lack of good manners, Will.”

“Didn't have them then, do not have them now. So what about it? Do you want to make sweet, sweet love?”

Hannibal sighed.

“I am indeed asking if you would like to do so. Though I am starting to doubt myself.”

Will had clasped his hands around Hannibal's head.

“Come on. You can say it. 'Make love'. It isn't even that rude to say.”

“I will thus spend the night with a book.”

“You cheat.”

At first, Graham had been surprised, then thrilled. However, the novelty of the situation had quickly receded into frustration.

They weren't making any progress.

On the sex part, for one. Hannibal now authorised himself a tad more liberties, expressing his pleasure in muffled, discreet moans, going as far as closing his eyes during the act.

So exciting.

On the rest... Well, nothing had changed, visibly.

“You've put too much barber's cream on, love.”

“I thought the use of 'pets names' was restricted to the bedroom.”

Hannibal felt uncomfortable whenever Will called him that.

“Don't get me started on the subject if you don't want me to call you honey.”

“Why even use a nickname, Will? Is my first name not good enough?”

“Alright, we have to talk.”

Hannibal put down his razor and splashed his face with water, then checked in the mirror his beard was all gone. “We are talking.”

“Don't play dumb. I want a proper conversation” said Will, reaching for a bottle.

“Please do not use that dreadful aftershave. I would rather you used mine.”

“Fine. Now listen, why do my calling you 'love' makes you that uncomfortable?”

“It does not. But it is not proper in polite society to bring up one's attachment to another in the context of conversation.”

“We're not in polite society. At least *you* aren't, love.”

Hannibal sent him an annoyed glance, then put on his shirt.

“Would it irritate you as much if I called you dear? Or darling?”

“We are not married, Will. Why do you insist on giving me ridiculous nicknames?”

“To me, they aren't ridiculous.”

Hannibal watched him for a time.

“I understand that you love me” he started calmly. “But—”

“No, Hannibal. You don't. You don't understand at all. That's what pains me.”

Lecter seemed slightly vexed. “I am not unaware of the affairs of love” he answered. “Simply not interested in them.”

William looked at him with sadness.

“I am not saying I do not love you” Hannibal sighed. “I am actually very fond of you.”

“*You don't understand*” Graham repeated.

“What is there to understand? *Pass me my waistcoat, would you?* You feel a certain way, and wish that I entertained the same sentiment towards you.”

He gave Graham a distracted peck on the lips out of habit, and checked himself in the mirror.

“I should be back by five o'clock” he said. “Do you want me to pick up fishing hooks on my way? I noticed you are missing some.”

“It's alright, I'll manage.”

He knew Hannibal would buy some anyway.

He helped him put on his jacket. “There, all fit for the day.”

“Thank you, William. Are you certain you do not want to come? This gathering will most probably be most entertaining.”

“Oh, I'm sure.”

“As you wish.”

Hannibal pecked distractedly Will's lips and turned away, about to go, when he seemed to think better of it and came back to him for a proper kiss.

The fingers of his left hand grazed lightly at the recently trimmed beard. Maroon eyes wandered on the other's face, observing it like one looks at a painting, relishing in Will's features like he would in paint brushes. He kissed him again, his eyes closed, gently, almost regretfully.

“I might come back sooner” he decided.

“I'll most probably be fishing.”

“I will find you by the pond, then. Have a pleasant day.”

“Right back at you, love.”

*

Lecter came back with fishing hooks and a dog.

“A stray I found at the shelter” he said. “I told them to call me whenever they had one about to be euthanised.”

He looked with pressed lips at the inside of his car, removing with a pout of disgust strands of canine hair.

Graham was observing the dog, black, small, missing an ear and a eye, clearly scared, growling.

“They called it Pirate” Hannibal stated with a sigh, patting comfortingly the roof of his dirtied car.

“Her” Graham said. “It's a bitch.”

“If you say so.”

Lecter usually avoided their dogs; Will seldom heard him say any of their names.

“Please give it a bath” Hannibal cringed, getting out a embroidered handkerchief to guard himself from the stench.

It took hours and several treats for Will to get the little dog to trust him enough to get her in a bucket of warm water. But there again, he was lucky as the bitch seemed to enjoy bathing. He fed her and introduced her to the pack, some of its members being quite exited to meet a newcomer.

Pirate seemed less frightened of dogs than of humans. She let her sleep in a cage for the night, in the living room with the other dogs.

When he had finished with her, diner was served, but cold. Hannibal had already eaten and was probably in a room, reading, certainly still wet from the three to four showers he would have taken to get the smell off of him.

Will knew he wouldn't be welcomed until he had thoroughly cleansed too.

“You smell of wet dog” Hannibal told him when he finally joined him in the bedroom.

“I did my best to wash it off though” Will said while sliding under the bed covers.

He kissed him on the collarbone. “What are you reading?”

“Milton, Paradise Lost. Is that new dog to your convenience?”

“It will be tough but I think she'll blend in alright. The fishing hooks are just what I needed, too. How was your diner party?”

“I wished you had been there” Hannibal answered distractedly, half caught in a difficult line.

Will smiled. “Do you want to, hum, 'join me for the night'?” he asked.

Hannibal lifted an eyebrow. “We made love just three days ago.”

“Yes well, I just can't get enough of you.”

Hannibal sighed, and closed his book, which he put back on the bedside table. “Alright, if you insist. What shall it be tonight?”

“Mmm... well, I was thinking, maybe we could use that collar again –after all, it's been a while.”

Hannibal had done his best to stay in control those past few weeks. He cringed. “Was last time not good enough for you?”

“Last time was stupendous, but nothing tops you under me.”

“Could you not—” Lecter sighed again. “Alright, as you wish. Do not get too creative though, I am slightly strained from the day.”

Graham smirked and went for the collar. “Let's start by making out, love.”

“Please, do not call me that.”

Graham silenced himself the time to get the thing around Hannibal's neck. “Fine. *You* call me *that*, then.”

Hannibal pouted. “As you wish, *love*” he answered, sounding not at all convinced.

“You can use other nicknames too” Graham said.

“Like what? Dear, Honey, Sweetbreads—”

“Sweetheart. The word you were looking for is 'sweetheart'.”

Hannibal looked at him with piercing eyes, as if to say: “or maybe not”...

He changes his mind.

“I don't want to take orders tonight, Will” he says, his hands going for the collar to take it off.

William looks disappointed.

“Fine” he agrees nonetheless, “let's do it the regular way.”

He kisses Hannibal on the lips, then on the jaw.

“But then again” he says. “We could try something new.”

“What do you have in mind?” Hannibal asks with concealed exasperation.

William ponders. “I'd like to tie you up.”

Hannibal frowns. “I am not at ease with your fantasies of domination, Will.”

Will tries to cajole him into it with kisses and wet whispers.

“I have an offer though” Hannibal says, pushing him gently away with the back of an hand. “I do agree to be tied up once during sex, but at the condition that you experience it beforehand.”

Will frowns.

“It means you would be the one restrained tonight” Hannibal clarifies.

“I got that. I'm just wondering if I should trust you or not.”

“Then you understand where my mind is right now.”

Graham winced. He probably had forgotten last time he'd gotten Hannibal tied up to a bed, it had been to hand him over to the police.

“I... get it” he says finally. “I get it.”

He looks at Hannibal, trying to figure him out. Lecter is watching him patiently, unmoved.

“No objects” Will finally decides. “And no deviating from the usual without discussing it first.”

“Of course not” Hannibal answers.

“And I want a loose knot. One I can get out of easily.”

For an instant, it seems to him a flash of pain passes on the other's otherwise impassive face.

“Is that all?” Hannibal asks calmly.

“Yes.”

“And I will be the one in charge.”

“If you want to. No condom.”

Hannibal frowns.

“I find that rather unhygienic.”

“I know, but I'd like to feel you at least once without a piece of plastic between us.”

Hannibal doesn't look utterly pleased, but agrees nonetheless. “Just this once.”

“I have another idea” Will adds in the spur of inspiration.

Hannibal stills, and Graham thinks better about. “No, never mind, let's keep it for another time. So about this knot, what should we use for it?”

Lecter smirks. “Ties.”

“You— ah, fine, whatever” Will can't help but smile at him. “Where to? The bed?”

“I do not think so. Have I ever told you how much I know about Japanese uses?”

Will sees it coming from a mile away.

“I once saw a very interesting engraving about how to bind someone's arms behind their back in the most artful of ways.”

And of course. It had to become something Hannibal could turn into art. Will asks him to describe the knot precisely anyway.

He wasn't utterly fond of it afterwards, as of course he'd never been entirely sure to what extent he could trust Hannibal, but he remembered what he'd told him—that he would agree to be tied too

later on— and instantly pictured him in that exact same kind of binding —he drifts off for a moment.

“Will. Will? What is it? You look flushed.”

“Yeah, yeah, well.... mmm. I was thinking how good it would look on you. Kinda got me excited.”

Lecter patiently waits for him to focus back on the task.

Sometimes Will feels a bit vexed at how clinical Lecter is about their unions.

The knot involves binding technique and a rope. Obviously, Lecter has some stashed in a dark corner of their house —at least he has the decency to bring a new, unused one.

Graham gets naked, a tad anxious.

Hannibal looks nothing if professional about this.

“Did you use that knot on your kills?” Graham asks when Lecter approaches with the rope in hand.

“No. Though I thought about it.”

“Why not?”

“The final result would have looked too artistic. They did not deserve such a treatment.”

Will sighs, lowering his head in anxious amusement. The rope touches his skin.

“Alright, alright, Hannibal, one last thing.”

“Yes?”

“Are you going to kill me?” He looks at him in the eyes when he asks this.

Lecter looks slightly vexed.

“I wouldn't do that.”

“Why?”

“I enjoy your company. Do you want us to stop? I will not proceed if this makes you uncomfortable.”

That's when Will remembers exactly *why* he's doing all this. And when he figures a way to give his plan a boost.

It's also when he understands how much he wishes to trust Hannibal.

“Tie me up” he says.

Hannibal hesitates.

“Do it.”

Lecter licks his lips, pondering. "As you wish" he eventually says. "But I insist I weaken the rope once you are bound –so it will be easy for you to get rid of it if you want to."

Graham feels a hot puddle of passion bubble in his lower stomach.

He can't keep his eyes out of Hannibal.

"No" he says. "I don't want that. Make it so I can't get out."

This time, Hannibal seems really queasy. "Will, I..."

"Do it." He takes the other's hands. "Hannibal, *do it*."

He can see the other man wonder about his sudden burst of enthusiasm. Yet Hannibal does as told, gently starts twisting the rope around Will so it secures both arms against each other in his back, then goes round his biceps to pass over his chest.

All the while he is checking for proper looseness, sliding two fingers between the rope and the skin, stroking at the link in a vain attempt to smooth it down. Graham shudders at the touch. Even the slightly uncomfortable scratch against his skin makes him dizzy with anticipation.

"I see you are ready" Hannibal remarks, glancing down.

"Yes. Kiss me and get naked." He goes for Lecter's mouth greedily.

"Will, I can't—" with a mouth on yours, it is hard to talk "—I can't hum, undress mys... if... uh."

Graham groans, then pushes Hannibal down on his back with a swing of the hip, sits down on him with a leg on each side of the other's body.

"Hannibal I swear, if you don't get that suit off *now*, I will rip it off of you with my teeth."

Hannibal seems almost impressed. Then he looks baffled, because Will has indeed started to tear away his clothes. It feels like being torn apart by a lion.

"Please, calm down" he asks —Graham ravishes his mouth with his to shut him up. "Hmm, mmm, I want something" he says. "Something out of you."

"You are already getting plenty" Hannibal tranquilly remarks. He has finally opened his jacket and shirt, revealing bare skin, but doesn't have time to get them off. Graham lies down on him, his stomach against his, making sure the rope around his chest will scratch slightly at the other's nipples. He nibbles at the side of his neck.

"What do you want?" Hannibal asks calmly —though by his tone, he is slightly flushed.

"Your mouth. You know where."

"No."

Graham licks at the side of his jaw. "You know how much I want it" he whispers. "I will be on my back. I can't move."

"You know my answer is final."

Will groans in frustration, then turns his head to watch Hannibal's face, resting his chin on his shoulder.

"It's really never going to happen" he whispers, making sure to slip longing and regret in his voice. He then sighs. "I... well, I suppose I'd have to convince my mind to let go". He then closes his eyes, nuzzles at Lecter's shoulder, breathing deeply.

Hannibal watches him, attentively, silent and expressionless. Then he pushes him gently off of him.

"Get on your back" he says, and Graham shivers.

He obeys. He watches Hannibal's face twitch in concealed disgust, his nose frown multiple time, his head slightly turn aside. He takes off his clothes and folds them away cleanly on the bedside table. His face his stern.

Graham scrutinises him all the while.

Hannibal turns back to him –Will can see that he is in a foul mood. But he approaches him nonetheless and wraps slender fingers around Will's sex, giving it a gentle squeeze. Then he cringes, closing his eyes for a moment, and leans it.

"Stop."

Hannibal pauses, his eyes darting up to him. Dark, like when he's thinking murder.

"Don't do that. Come here."

"I am positively sick of taking your orders Will."

"It's not an order. Please, come here."

Hannibal's nose twitches again in anger. "You might have forgotten exactly whom you were dealing with."

Will straightens up, sits down in front of him.

"I love you" he whispers.

"I don't care!" Hannibal blurts out in irritation. Graham sees a flash of hesitation follow his words right after.

"I am not amused by this kind of mind play. You should find yourself another partner."

"I wanted you to *see*" Will murmurs soothingly.

"What? Do you really think I am *in love* with you?"

Oh, so he knows. Obviously, he knows what Graham was up to.

"I am *fond of you* Will. Do not mistake that for some sort of weakness."

"You're not weak."

"No."

Graham looks at him, and it suddenly strikes Hannibal –how easily Graham is able to look at him in the eyes. The change had taken years, and that Graham is not the Graham he manipulated into running away with him. That Graham isn't afraid.

He leans into Hannibal's shoulder, softly whispers into his ear: “I want you to lose yourself to me.”

Hannibal stills.

This could be dangerous. Lecter's eyes have turned black, tiny pinpoints of red lights in them. His nostrils flare. He's tense, like a lion about to bounce.

“Lose yourself to me” Will murmurs again.

“Is that what you were doing, taming me like a dog?” Dr Lecter asks coldly. “Training me, putting me in a collar?”

Will Graham looks at him straight in the eyes, unafraid. “Yes.”

Lecter's rage is suddenly visible.

An instant later, it's gone.

“I will not comply to your whim” he says.

Graham looks at him, studies him.

“You have been unspeakably rude” Lecter says calmly.

“Not more than you usually are” Will answers, feeling more than ever the burn of the rope against him. “Get out.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Get out of that house. Don't come back. You can't give me the one thing anyone else can. You don't trust me. You don't love me. You don't care. I wanted you to show me you could overcome yourself, but you can't. You will always be stuck in that All Powerful Mighty Lecter highway –well I don't want that. If I can't reach the actual you, I don't want you at all.”

Lecter's fingers slid under the rope by Will Graham's chest, seizing it with strength.

“Are you sure you want to engage in this kind of argument right now, William?”

“What are you going to do? Murder me? Feed me to the dogs? I don't care. I've lived long enough with you, Hannibal; I am not afraid.”

He's partly lying, but he knows it doesn't show. Hannibal doesn't know how much *like him* he's become.

“This argument is ridiculous” Lecter says, releasing his grip on Will. “I am already making an effort to satisfy your sexual appetites, yet you always want more.”

“*It's not about sex.*”

“It is about your delusional wish that I would love you. I do not, Will. I have fondness for you, yes, but—”

“Get out. I don't want you in that house.”

“Technically, it is *my* house.”

“You'll go to your *pied-à-terre* in Florence. Wherever. I don't care. Just get out of here.”

Will kicks him off the bed with a swig of his feet. Hannibal stands up, clearly shaken. Angry, yet confused. He doesn't know where Will is going with this.

“Out.”

But then again, going with the flow might help him understand better. He dresses up.

“You are still tied up” Hannibal points up.

“I don't need your input.”

“As you wish.”

Lecter calmly buttons his waistcoat, then goes to the mirror and straightens his hair.

“I hope you know what you are doing” he says, turning back to Will with the usual elegance.

“Farewell, dear one.”

He swiftly exits the room, goes down the stairs, passes by the dogs, through the door, out.

It is a splendid day.

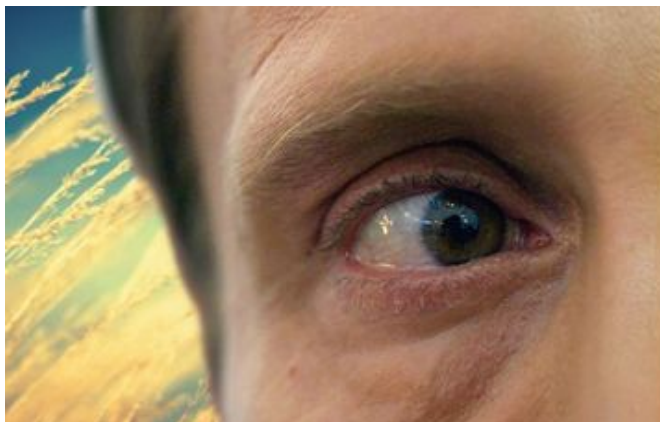
See.

Chapter Summary

Will has played, and maybe lost Hannibal as a consequence. He asked him to surrender that control the older man maintains so carefully over himself... and Hannibal preferred to go. Maybe Will wasn't ready to manipulate such a man after all.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



“Farewell, dear one.”

Lecter inhales deeply, taking in the warm scent of their garden.

William has a scheme going on, though for once, Lecter is not sure about his goal. He recalls their recent conversation.

There was a lot about love, about sex, about control.

Lose yourself to me.

He shivers. The faint remembrance of Mischa floats around him in the air, as well as a mansion, another sunny garden, the cheerful voice of parents calling him from afar.

Lose yourself to me.

He can't.

Mischa is playing, running around him in laughter, her curled, blond hair bright in the light of the sun. Then she's gone.

He lowers his eyes.

I can't.

Where should he go? To Florence? But now William has suggested it, the prospect leaves a bitter taste on his tongue. He thinks about other places, but each time it comes gnawing back at his mind, how less interesting all of them will be without the younger man by his side.

He stands straight, his back to the house, looking at the road ahead.

He thinks about operas, about fine wine and dinner parties, he dreams about the magnificence of countries he still has to discover. Yet he feels pained.

William has no right to kick him out. It is not even his house, the act of propriety is in Lecter's name. Though it would be inelegant to fight over such a matter.

He feels a thread of wetness slid over his cheek. But the sky is clear, without a cloud in view.

He breathes deeply, and more tears come out pouring; he looks up at the sun.

He doesn't... want to go on without Will. He likes the man. He enjoys the company, even though he's got dogs, messy habits and speaks often very rudely. He barely can tell a Bordeaux apart from another. He lives on industrially fried fish, chemically abused chicken legs and cheap beer when left to himself. He doesn't enjoy classical music much, and often insists on listening disheartening popular tunes. He *doesn't* know how to dress. He prefers watching TV show to reading good novels.

He is nothing of a gentleman.

Lecter watches a tear drop and break on the tall, dry grass.

He feels like there is no-one else miles around him, that he is the only one standing in the yellow herbs, surrounded by sunlight, flying insects and suspended dust.

He is lonely.

One last look at the house, and he will go on. Forget about all this, maybe find Clarice and persuade her to come along. William would become just a souvenir, a black on white name on the bills he would still pay for him.

William is on the doorstep, wearing shorts and Lecter's open bathrobe, the blue one.

He got out of his bonds easily enough; Hannibal had carefully let the final knot near one of his hands, in case he would have liked to free himself. He had been afraid the other man would panic.

The irony.

He knows he should avert his gaze, but the more he looks at him, the more painfully difficult it becomes. The tears have not stopped flowing. He must look absurd.

William does a sign of the head, a tiny gesture of invitation.

Part of Lecter wants to run away. Get in the car, and go. Leave that horrible man behind.

The rest of him responds by going back to William.

The first thing Will does is to dry his cheeks with both thumbs. Then he takes Lecter against his chest, cradles him carefully, tenderly.

Suddenly, Lecter knows what he has to do. He has to lie.

"I love you" he whispers, marvelling at how easy those words actually are to say. "I love you."

William strokes his hair, gently.

That's what Lecter is planning to, *pretend* –at least, that's what he thinks.

"Say it again" Will asks softly, kissing the other on the cheek.

Hannibal glares, with a pout of his sensual lips. Staging even the reluctance.

"Hannibal, please."

"I love you, Will."

Graham leans in for a kiss, smiling gently. It is a genuine smile, for Hannibal doesn't know what he's unleashed. "I love you" he mutters distractedly, more focused on Will's mouth than on his own. "Will. Mm. *Will*."

He leans in to get more. More.

"Will. *Will*." He doesn't notice, but he can't stop repeating the name. His eyes are closed. His fingers run through William's hair. "Oh *William* oh..."

They're just kissing. Hannibal doesn't hear he sounds he makes. He doesn't notice his face isn't stern or emotionless as it uses to. "*So good*" he whispers.

Will guides him to the room. He wants Lecter lost in pleasure so he won't have any time to collect himself, to think about anything. He wants him distracted.

So he carefully warms him up, works his hands under the clothes, gets his body ready with touches, licks and kisses.

He knows Hannibal is using true feelings to act, to pretend, he knows he has actually lost just a bit of his composure, lowered his shield.

There is a breach.

He gets the other man on his back and sits on him, carefully working Hannibal's sex inside.

It will be the first time Lecter gets to experience that without any barrier between their skin. It should add to the distraction.

Once Will's settled, he starts moving his hips, gently rocking them back and forth, sometimes in circular motions.

Lecter sighs. His hands move on their own accord to grab the pillow by his head. He mutters. Will is not sure he recognises the words. Some of them sound Italian.

I am fucking the English out of him, Will marvels.

When he's sure Hannibal's far gone, he leans in, gives a harsh little twist of his pelvis to stimulate him further, and whispers "will you lose yourself to me now, love?"

Hannibal's eyes dart open, his hands on Will's shoulders to push him away.

Will recognises panic.

"Don't" Hannibal says.

"But that's why you came back, love" William softly whispers. "Isn't it?"

Hannibal's mouth opens, gasping, and the fingers of his left hand sink into Will's shoulder. "*Don't*."

William turns his head, licks at the hand clawed in his flesh, runs his tongue around the thumb, bites it gently. He then uses his folded legs to push gently himself away from Hannibal's body, then to go back down smoothly, starting up a rhythm.

His palms are flat against Hannibal's torso; he uses the tip of his fingers to tease his flesh and nipples.

Hannibal has tensed up; he's keeping him away with straightened arms. Yet the pleasure is slowly taking over, leaving him dishevelled, flushed and softly panting.

"Surrender yourself to me" William repeats.

Hannibal sees flashes of light, the sun in a garden, a family smiling happily. "I can't."

"No. You won't, that's different. Surrender yourself to me."

"I said no, Will. I can't."

William fastens up the rhythm, wraps his legs around Hannibal's and turns his head aside to bite at Hannibal's arm –pushing it aside. This leaves an opening he uses to sneak back against the other's torso, to kiss him, caress him, nibble at his jaw.

"What are you scared of, Hannibal?" he murmurs.

"I am not scared, Will. *Oh, caro mio...*"

There are flashes of golden light in his memory. This is his most cherished souvenir. He has nothing happier than it. Afterwards, there is only murder and blood.

"Look at me."

And Will.

William takes his head between two hands, kisses him tenderly. "Look at me, Hannibal. It's fine. I want to care for you, as much as you care for me. But I need your trust."

Trust. Lecter sneers at the word.

"Yes. Hannibal... *let go*."

A pang of pain seems to explode somewhere in Lecter's chest. He sees the sunny garden and the laughers distort in his mind, breaking into shiny pieces he's trying desperately to keep together.

“Stop it. Will. Stop it.”

“It will be fine, love” William whispers softly, kissing his brown lovingly. “*Let go.*”

He's not even trying to pretend they're making love anymore –he's stopped moving a few moments ago.

Hannibal gasps, trying to get his breath back. He feels like he's drowning. He sees the cheerful face of Mischa split in half and disappear. He hears the voice of his parents one last time, calling him for dinner. There is no garden left. Only dark, infinite void.

He feels the hand of Will on him, trying to soothe his sobs. The younger man has slid aside, against him, and kisses the line of his jaw, whispering sweet reassurances in his ear, that he can't hear.

He's too lost in the void to understand words. Everything is pitch black. There is nothing left. He can't recall even a single souvenir of his happy life.

Then, others memories emerge. One by one, piece by piece, like bubbles of champagne slowly reaching the surface.

His time in France. Murasaki. The family mansion, fouled by unworthy minds. A crime scene. A butcher's head. A man pleading for his life. His first degustation of *foie gras*. The taste of blood and screams of horror while he grins. Chilton's look of terror. *Firenze*. His medical school.

Will's blue eyes, avoiding his.

The pieces adjust together in a large, vast painting, immense, wider than anything before; his life.

For the first time in years, he sees it all, and the Lecter family is but another piece in the tableau.

Somewhere in him lightens up smug satisfaction at William's progress in the art manipulation.

He had worked on Will, and Will wasn't afraid.

Thereafter Will had freed *him*.

“I see” he mutters while his breath steadies itself. “This was what you were after.”

“Took you long enough” William smirks, gentle, yet dangerous, in every way as challenging as Hannibal himself.

Hannibal marvels at this change.

“Now love, I think we should rest.”

Hannibal smirks. “I am not a weakling, Graham. We have unfinished business.”

I'm not sure I will be editing this for a time, because I might work on prequels (in the series We Will Be Lovers) before writing the final chapter. So we'll see.

Vide Cor Meum

Chapter Summary

Will finally got what he wanted... time to add the cherry on top! (In a non-vegetarian kind of way.)

Chapter Notes

[!] May the gentle reader be advised that this chapter ventures into the questionable territory of murder and cannibalism.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Hannibal was woken up by a delicious smell, salted, spicy, meaty, yet not grilled –probably liver.

Graham didn't cook often, so this was for a special occasion; probably to celebrate his victory over Hannibal. That made the older man smile.

That Will would make such a deal about his success meant that he truly cared. Part of Hannibal felt oddly warmed up at the thought. A smile settled on his full lips, lingered as the smell of cooking filling their room.

As Will seemed to be making an effort, Hannibal decided to follow up on him and chose his clothes carefully. He'd never been a man to dress in order to impress others –he knew his taste was

impeccable. But this once, he found himself looking for a set of clothing that would compliment him in order to appeal to Will. The thought was odd in its own.

Charm was part of who he was, as well as manipulation. However, sexual seduction had never really been part of his arsenal. He'd never felt the use for it.

And now he was looking at himself in the mirror, hesitating between shirts and wondering if he ought to wear a tie or not.

He disliked this state of mind. He should not have cared about appealing to Will –only about savouring their time together. Yet there he was, comparing suits.

In the end, he forced himself to make his mind up and put on what he would have if the dilemma had not emerged.

Though somehow, it didn't feel right. Not worthy enough of his partner. Hannibal snorted.

“You're taking your sweet time today, love” Will said in his back, sliding both arms around the other's waist, looking at their reflexion in the mirror.

Hannibal didn't answer, but tightened his jacket, as if to show he was now ready.

Yet William didn't let go of him, watching at their image thoughtfully.

“You know, you don't have to wear a three piece suits everyday, especially if you're not going out” he commented.

Hannibal jumped on the occasion. “What would you have me wear, then?” he asked casually.

Graham smiled. “Maybe nothing” he said and the other frowned, disappointed to be met with a joke rather than information. But Hannibal was anything if not resilient.

“I would rather not walk around naked... dear, especially not in our kitchen.”

“Oh, I *would* enjoy seeing you cooking with nothing on but an apron” the younger man purred.

He seemed in a very playful mood, and his eyes glimmered in a eery way. “Although I made breakfast for both of us today.”

“I smelled that” Hannibal answered, glancing a last time at his usual self in the mirror. How plain. He needed to enrich his wardrobe.

“You don't seem satisfied with what you're wearing” Will sensed with his usual perspicacity. “What is it?”

“This suit is quite used up” Hannibal answered.

Will brushed his lips against his ear. “Don't lie to me, love. You find it lacking. What is it?”

Hannibal pouted. “Shall we have breakfast now, to avoid its cooling down?”

“I'm not letting go that easy” Will smiled.

“I shouldn't have indulged you so much” the other answered. “You seem to believe I will comply to your every whim now.”

“Not every” Will smiled. He slid his hands under the other's jacket, unbuttoned it as well as part of his shirt to reach the skin with the tip of his fingers. “But maybe if you weren't wearing so many layers I wouldn't complain so much about what you wear...”

Hannibal's eyebrow lifted up inquisitively.

“Though now isn't the best time to speak about your clothes” Will decided. He was already getting the vest and jacket off Hannibal's shoulders. Seconds later, his lips were on the other's skin, as well as his hands, stroking gently his arms and chest. “I have a surprise for you.”

“I suppose inquiring about its nature would lessen the purpose of said surprise” Hannibal said.

Will nodded, nibbling at the other's shoulder, having half stripped him of his shirt so it clung messily to his body. “Though I think you might like it.”

“If it doesn't involve police forces” Hannibal answered, which earned him a sharp bite from his partner.

“It involves what you love most in this world” Graham explained. “So I suggest you follow me downstairs to the kitchen. Though I would very much have a kiss from you now.”

“You will have one if I enjoy your gift” Hannibal mused. Graham frowned, turned him abruptly and clasped their lips together.

“Don't play those games with me love” he whispered huskily, liking his lips while watching him from under heavy eyelids. “Not now, not ever.”

Something stirred in Hannibal's gut, like a snake rolling up on himself. As a strange warmth washed over him, he leaned in to kiss Will back.

Moments later they were taking the stairs down, Graham smiling widely and Hannibal walking as if he was floating on a cloud, utterly dishevelled. He would have buttoned his shirt up but William was leading him by the hand, which made it a tad difficult.

He noticed the body instantly.

Not a corpse but a man laying still, tied up on a wide canvas sheet, a red liquid flower blossoming underneath. The rest of the nearby furniture had been carefully protected with plastic sheets, a gesture Hannibal appreciated in full.

He could hear the abducted man's erratic breathing; he was either drugged or in pain.

Gaged, too.

Will led him, not towards the laying body but behind the nearby counter of the kitchen, from which spread out an exquisite smell.

Hannibal's precise nose recognised scrambled eggs, a light salad of vegetables, the fruity bouquet of fresh white wine and the raw scent of meat.

“Now, stand there” Graham demanded, stopping Hannibal right near the oven. “Here, have some wine if you will.” He put an elegant, already filled glass in his hands. “We'll break fast properly later; now, I want you to get that fresh.”

He was switching on the fire under a pan, which he sprinkled in a mixture of salt and spices. Hannibal waited for what was to follow, too attentive to his partner's gestures to even think of tasting the clear liquid he had been given.

When the pan was hot enough Graham added in slices of liver, only cooking each of their side for a second before arranging them back in a plate. When the cooking was done, he looked back at Hannibal and took the untouched glass from his hand to put it aside.

He then kissed him on the lips. “I bet you're growing hungry” he whispered.

“Slightly” Hannibal answered with interest. “Ought I ask who is our fortunate guest?”

“Don't bother” Graham answered while washing his hands.

Then he went back to the meat and took a slick slice of liver in-between fingers. “Open your mouth.”

Hannibal looked at the younger man in the eyes, then parted lips.

The meat felt tender, warm, melting heavenly on his tongue. He could hear the whimpers of the tied up man watching them from his laying spot.

Graham's fingers lingered on his lips, and Hannibal couldn't help darting out his tongue to lightly lick them clean.

“Do you want more?” William asked, looking at him with beautiful eyes and playful passion.

Hannibal nodded, taking in both meal and fingers inside his mouth, savouring them both, sucking on Will's digits when his swallowing was done.

He was fed another slice, and this time he took Will's hand in his, to properly retain it and stroke it wetly.

“I take it breakfast is to your taste” Graham said with a wolfish smile.

Oh, if only Jack could see him now, Hannibal thought.

He felt so proud of his protégé.

“Do you want something else?” Will asked, even though some of the liver remained. “What shall I cut out for you now?”

“Tenderloins first, a light carpaccio of meat that we shall eat with the salad” Hannibal asked. “And a pounding heart” he added, feeling a shiver of anticipation run down his spine.

A kill. Will's kill. Will's *first* kill.

“Not a heart, no” the younger man answered. “You will never be having heart again.”

Hannibal frowned.

“I don't want you to” Graham said, as if orders overcame explanations.

“It is a delicacy I find delectable” Lecter replied politely, curious about Will's intentions.

“Yet you won't be having heart again” William repeated, as if stating a fact. He kissed Hannibal passionately, taking the older man's hands to put them on his own beating chest. “Hear that?” he asked.

“The sound of you living” Hannibal muttered, so close he could feel the other's warmth tingling his skin.

“Someday it will stop” Will said, and for some reason Hannibal felt suddenly mad.

“But today is not the day” he retorted, brushing the issue aside to go back to their main discussion.

“That day” Will whispered, leaning in to tickle the other's ear with his breath, “you shall eat heart again.”

Hadn't he maintained firmly Hannibal's hands against him, they might have flew away, as if burnt.

Hannibal swallowed. “I am not appealed at the prospect of depriving myself of hearty meals” he declared, noticing with awe that his own voice wasn't as firm as it should have been.

“Yet you shall do as I said” William answered, unmoved, as if he already knew Hannibal would abide to his demand.

The older man looked at the tied up human on the other side of the counter, who was sending them tired, terrified looks. He was probably running cold from blood loss, and Hannibal would not eat his heart.

He would not eat his heart, so to remembered that Will, his Will, was alive.

And then, someday, another body would lay near him and he would taste heart again. Satisfied to savour it, to remember its texture.

His jaw clenched.

“A meagre consolation” he uttered, leaning in to put his temple against Will's, closing his eyes. “If any consolation at all.”

He embraced the blue-eyed man fiercely.

Will gently stroke his back. “Carpaccio” he said. “And tenderloins. I cut, you cook. This is a special occasion, so don't get used to it.”

“Taming me like a dog” Hannibal cringed.

“Learning to compromise” Will corrected, while kissing him on the temple. “And getting what I want. Or rather, whom.”

Hannibal smiled at the correct use of grammatical syntax on Will's part.

“I will put on some music” Graham said before kissing him on the bridge of the nose.

Moments later the languid, angelic choirs of *Vide Cor Meum* resounded in the room, embellished by the unique, muffled whimpers of their dying guest.

“You were right” Hannibal said, feeling a pang of pain pierce his heart like an arrow at the realisation. “This surprise *does* involve what I love most in the world.”

He went to Will and embraced him tenderly, gently joining their lips in a most loving kiss.

“Mostly, it involves you” he murmured, looking at Will with affection.

The younger man smiled, and carefully took Hannibal's head in-between hands.

“You have my heart, but I caught your attention” he teasingly bragged.

“You always had my attention, dear Will.”

“I know” Will smiled, kissing him again gently. “I know... and it was about time you noticed, too.”

Chapter End Notes

This concludes the We Should Be Lovers series... thanks for reading!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!